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EXCURSIONS TO PARNASSUS,

OR THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF A

SUMMER's VACATION.

By a Gentleman of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

—Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat ſibi.

PHAEDRUS.

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To the READER.

MODESTY and Diffidence are motives sufficiently powerful to diſſuade a young Adventurer from prefixing his Name to a firſt Publication, and if this little Work engages not the attention of a Candid Public, by its intrinſic Merit, it will meet with no additional indulgence from the appearance of its Authors Name, whoſe Knowledge of the World has been confined to the Limits of a College, and whoſe acquaintance with the Muſes is only cultivated during the Leiſure of a Vacation.

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O D E

ON

F A N C Y.

Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima. OVID.

O D E
ON
F A N C Y.

I.

YE air-built caſtles, which ſpontaneous riſe,
On mimic fancies ſelf-created ſoil,
Whoſe light pavilion founded on the ſkies,
Derides the tardy care of irkſome toil;

II.

Happy I ween the tenant of your roof!
He groans beneath no taxes iron chain:
For him ideas ſpread their magic woof,
Throng at his call, and hail Utopia's Thane.

III.

Ah me! how pleaſing once the chearful view,
Drawn on my mental eye in ſanguine youth;
Hope's flatt'ring pencil gave to Fiction's hue,
A tint of nature, and a ſhade of truth.

IV.

Stranger to wrong, ſuſpecting no deceit,
Careleſs I ſtray'd o'er Falſehood's ſlipp'ry ground:
The roſe of pleaſure ſprung beneath my feet,
I caught its fragrance; and eſcap'd its wound.

V.

My hand directed fortunes giddy wheel,
'Twas mine each die of luckier chance to throw:
I thought 'twas man's prerogative to feel
Pleaſure unharmonis'd by tender woe.

VI.

With not a barren acre at command,
I ſaw my furrows clad in waving gold:
Ideal oxen browſing on my land,
Bought without purchaſe, without traffic ſold.

VII.

Then could I trace Potoſis fertile vein,
Could ſcatter ingots like Golconda's heir;
My ſmiling prattlers gave a wife no pain,
Nor throbb'd my boſom with parental care:

My

VIII.

My daring Fancy ſtole Promethean heat,
In Natures mantle wrapt the child of art:
And warm conceptions imitative cheat
Charm'd to belief the ſelf deluded heart.

IX.

Mine was the purple tribute of the ſpring:
The laughing hours, and roſy ſcented breeze,
Wafted new pleaſures on their balmy wing,
Freſh, unreprov'd, the harmony of eaſe.

X.

Hence, from the ſenſes to the kindred mind,
Was elegance transfus'd by fair delight,
Each darker paſſion of the ſoul refin'd,
As Fancy ſhew'd new realms of magic light.

XI.

I form'd a wild Creation of my own,
Lord of the ſoil, and monarch of the main,
Built on a baſe of Adamant my throne;
For fell uſurpers ſhake not fictions reign.

XII.

Ah! why obtrude, ye monſters of Chagrin,
Why tell me 'tis Deluſion's empty Tale?
Too ſoon will vaniſh the delightful ſcene;
Too ſoon will envious care withdraw the vail.

XIII.

One ſad idea tinctur'd with the bile,
Of gloomy ſpleen the landſcape ſhall deſtroy:
Shall raiſe at once the viſionary pile,
And nip the faded bloſſoms of my joy.

XIV.

Let thoughtleſs youth enjoy the kind deceit,
Inſtruction gives us but a taſte of woe;
Life is a chymic dream, a fooling cheat:
The more we ſuffer, as the more we know.

XV.

To mount Imaginations winged Car,
To paint Arcadia in ſome deſert iſle,
Hear muſic's cadence melting on the Ear,
Or catch the Paphian glance, and eaſy ſmile,

aſks

XVI.

Aſks not the aid of metaphyſic Lore,
Nor need we climb Inſtructions craggy mount,
Thro' Fancy's world on vagrant wing to ſoar:
Or, ſtep by ſtep, approach Caſtalias fount.

XVII.

O lead thy warm enthuſiaſt with a ſmile,
To bowr's of Eglantine, and ſhades of Love,
And ſketch, inventive maid, in eaſy ſtile,
The babbling rill, ſtraw cot, and tufted grove.

XVIII.

Open ſuch vallies, as the poets feign;
Where Spring diſports in youth's perpetual bloom,
Lay me in Hæmus, or on Tempes plain,
Where aromatic roſes waft perfume!

XIX.

At Fancy's glance, on fair Elyſium's coaſt,
Aerial ſpires, and mimic domes ariſe:
While gay Romances unſubſtantial hoſt,
Flits in the Wind, and gliſtens in the ſkies.

XX.

She haunts not Superſtition's mould'ring cave,
Nor treads the chambers of the ſilent dead:
She hears no warning voices from the grave;
No bloody daggers tremble o'er her head.

XXI.

Let coward guilt her prodigies recite,
Plantagenet * diſtruſt his footſteps ſound:
Let cruel deeds, and fearful thoughts unite,
And Conſcience never cloſe the ſtreaming wound.

XXII.

Theſe are the ravings of a troubled mind,
Gall'd with the preſſure of deſpondent ſin:
Guilt hears the thunder's voice in every wind,
Without 'tis fear, and anarchy, within.

XXIII.

But fancy's dreams are ſhadows of delight,
They ſtrike our ſenſes, and demand applauſe,
We love the object, and admire the ſight,
Yield to illuſion; nor enquire the cauſe.

Who

* Richard the III.

XXIV.

Who could the agoniſing pang ſuſtain,
Torn from his miſtreſs by unpitying fate,
Year after year, ſtill feel the lingering pain,
Of tedious abſence in an exil'd ſtate;

XXV.

Did never ſmiling hope's fantaſtic hand,
Her pencil dip in Fancy's vivid lake,
Of diſtant promiſe ſketch the fairy land,
And bid her votary the reverſion take?

XXVI.

Lo, where beneath yon dungeon's drear domain,
On flinty couch the child of ſorrow lies;
Far from his native land he drags the chain
Of harſh captivity, ſome Corſair's Prize.

XXVII.

On him are ſhut the gates of purple day,
Night breathes her chilling horror o'er his ſoul:
No chearful Sun, with hoſpitable ray,
Gilds the damp arches of his murky hole.

XXVIII.

Yet thro' theſe dark retreats of human woe,
Imagination ſheds a tranſient joy,
And points to climates, where no ruthleſs foe,
Shall groans of vanquiſh'd miſery enjoy.

XXIX.

O come in gentle ſmiles of peace array'd,
Come Fancy, on thy ſuppliant's brow deſcend;
Bring in thy train a lovely conſtant maid,
My boſom's partner, and elected friend!

XXX.

So ſhall I catch of happier days a glance,
From Care's oppreſſion find a ſhort relief;
As ſome fictitious legend of romance,
Steals from our thoughts the memory of grief.

ODE

TO

FORTUNE.

Spes incerta futuri. VIRGIL.

ODE
TO
FORTUNE.

I.

THOU, who the olive wreath canſt raiſe,
Or deſolation's bloody ſcourge,
Turn ſongs of triumph, hymns of praiſe,
To ſullen night's ear-piercing dirge;
With placid eye, and gentle ſmile,
Pauſe, wayward Fortune, pauſe awhile,
Thy mines of blazing wealth unfold,
And, like an amorous Jove, deſcend in ſhow'rs of gold.

II.

Thy influence mighty empires feel:
Beneath thy yoke proud tyrants groan.
You drench in blood a Felton's ſteel,
Or raiſe a Cromwell to the throne:

Pale Famine, meagre Want, is thine,
Fair Plenty, crown'd with bluſhing vine.
And, as you ſhift the motley ſcene,
Laughter's gay throng appears, or ſorrow's moody queen.

III.

To you, the peaſant of the coaſt,
Whoſe hoary cliffs the northern ſtar
Vails in a garb of ſtiffning froſt,
Pays homage in ſome uncouth pray'r.
To thee ſome ſhaggy ſpoil he brings,
To thee ſome barbarous orgie ſings,
And, trembling at fierce Heclas name,
Shrinks from the boiling tide, and deprecates its flame.

IV.

When thy terrific wing is ſpread,
The ſavage clans of ruthleſs war
Their falchions drop in ſilent dread,
The Lord of Terror mounts his car:
His pale ſteeds, rioting in blood,
Swell, as they march, the crimſon flood,
And Ate with malignant joy,
Points to yon diſmal plain, where roſe majeſtic Troy.

Hope, with her bright deluſive fire,
And Faith, in ſnowy kirtle ſeen,
Advance with thee, with thee retire,
Deceitful, as their fickle queen:
Where the gay throng that once was ſpread
Round Timon's board, round Timon's bed?
His ſummer's flown, his courſe his run,
The ſwarm of gilded flies but batten in the ſun.

VI.

Clad in the attributes of Love,
Goddeſs, appear! let myrtle ſhrine
Thy gloſſy limbs, and form a grove
Of ſweets, where ſtretcht you may recline.
Around let wanton Cupids fly,
Or, ſleeping on thy boſom lie,
Play with thy looſe ambroſial hair,
And drown in laughing Wine, the carking monſter, Care.

THE

FAMILY FRACAS;

OR

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A

TALE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO ALL HENPECKED HUSBANDS.

In his MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

Vindictâ,

Nemo magis gaudet quam Fœmina. JUVENAL.

THE

FAMILY FRACAS;

OR

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A

TALE,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO ALL INFECKED HUSBANDS.

By Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE

FAMILY FRACAS, &c.

A Prieſt there was, no matter who,
Suffice it that my tale be true,
Whoſe voice was good, as need be any,
Yet were his blunders groſs and many.
Of ſtop regardleſs, as of ſenſe,
With pompous tone Noun, Adverb, Tenſe.
He jumbl'd in a motley herd;
And word came tumbling over word.
Pale Proſody with frighted look,
Her mangled quantities miſtook,
Sirnames lay murdered by the ſcore,
And Priſcian's pate, bled ten times o'er:
Oft would his nail a ſcratch indent,
And on the leaf its fury vent;
Words would he mark; which were as fair,
As type could from, as preſs prepare.

Who that beheld his furious look,
And flaſhing finger on the book,
Would not the Prieſt a madman vote,
Or deem the Printer, to be P—e?
Mount him on horſeback—who but he?
His leg how ſtrait, how cloſe his knee!
Boots tight as wax, and ſpurs of ſteel,
Bepinch his calf, and arm his heel.
His ſpirits up, his eye-ſight clear,
He hunts a Jack-aſs for a deer.
Once e're the laſt Amen was ſwallow'd,
He ſallied out of Church, and halloo'd,
Echo'd the hoarſe packs deep-ton'd yell,
Thro' bog and quagmire drove pell mell,
Triumphant roſe, triumphant fell.
Yet, tho' abroad our Prieſt was merry,
At home he crept a ſneaking Jerry.
His wife a ſnarling untam'd ſhrew,
To old Xantippes' maxim true,
Beat humble Patience black and blue.
With voice as loud as growling thunder,
The fierce virago kept him under.

Aghaſt

Aghaſt he heard the torrent roar,
And curſes rapt out by the ſcore.
Sometimes, indeed, the Prieſt would fight,
Give ſnarl for ſnarl, and bite for bite,
Then quell'd by force, or ſooth'd by tears,
Cur like turn tail, and drop his ears.
Low was her perſon, ſquat and thick,
Her flaming cheeks as red as brick:
No gauze protuberance made high'r
By ribs of ſteel, or hoops of wire,
(Like pigeons ſulking o'er their neſt,
With ruffl'd plume, and pouting cheſt,)
In one vaſt aukward ſwell aroſe,
From breaſt to chin, from chin to noſe.
No ſupplemental rump of hair,
Which modern gauky Miſſes wear,
Adorn'd her ſtrutting-poop behind;
Nor patent hips with woollen lin'd
She needed to enlarge her figure,
Than Grace requires, already bigger.
Then, who would filthy powder uſe,
And Nature's artleſs graces loſe?

Her locks were as a candle ſtrait,
And jetty as the kitchen grate.
Her vulgar air, and coarſe behaviour
Did much of Tavern pertneſs ſavour,
Nor wonder: for her Aunt of yore,
On ſwift Sabrina's winding ſhore
A buſtling and induſtrious dame,
The Dragon kept, an inn of fame:
Then at the bar did Miſs preſide,
With keys low dangling at her ſide.
O had ſhe ſtill in linen gown,
Made bowls of punch, price half a crown,
Sent up her cutlets, hot and hot,
With cabbage reaking from the pot,
Her ſpouſe, poor man, had ſlept in quiet,
Devoid of ſtrife, and free from riot!
Prolific was the nuptial bed,
And madam like a rabbet, bred.
Six hungry boys as lank as hounds,
As many girls in ragged gowns,
With clammy treacle, ſlobber'd o'er.
Stood bawling at the paſſage door;

Or

Or with thick puddings clumſy ſlice
Bedaub'd their fingers, little nice.
Tho' venus had not deign'd to ſpare,
Her choiceſt ſmile, and Paphian air,
Or drop ambroſia from her boddice
To make this lovely Dame a goddeſs,
For perſonals to make amends,
Her wit was at her fingers ends:
And pat ſhe could repeat by heart,
Whole leaves of the Tormenting Art.
A treatiſe none ſhould be without,
Who fret by rule, by ſyſtem pout.
In this the curious fair may find,
Improving leſſons for the mind.
May work an *humble* friend to oil,
A land or water party ſpoil,
With ſham hyſterics fright her ſpouſe,
Plead ſituation, and carouſe
On every dainty that ſhe ſees,
Long for ſcarce fruit, and early peas.
To inſtance this: when tir'd with labour
Her huſband aſk'd an honeſt neighbour,

To ſmoak his pipe, or play backgammon :
Mid the hot war of moving wood,
When dubious chance on tiptoe ſtood,
In would ſhe bounce, and bawl out " ſhame on
" Such tricks—why, you ſir, what the devil ?
" But I'll conclude this idle revel."
Slap daſh the dice-box down ſhe flings,
The crazy board deſerts its ſprings,
And clattering on the hearthſtone rings.
When ſcamp'ring hard from church to church,
He left his dinner in the lurch,
And ſorely gall'd with trotting ſteed,
For ſoft diaculum had need,
Inſtead of warm, and ſavoury diſhes,
He's welcom'd home with ſullen piſhes,
Snaps up a chop of mutton cold,
And ſneaks to bed, to ſhun a ſcold.
But ah, what prudence can elude,
Hyænas of the female brood ?
What ſcripture text, what flow'ry ſpeech,
Can melt, convince, or over-reach ?

Scarce quietly compoſed in bed,
He ſmooths the ſheet, and drops his head,
A curtain lecture muſt be read.
He feigns aſleep, ſnores, ſtarts, and turns,
With terrors ague ſhakes and burns;
From ſide to ſide, above, below,
He hears the furious tempeſt blow.
Sheet, blanket, pillow, pondrous bed,
With all its feathers, hard as lead,
Souſe in the chamber-pot are thrown,
The ſhatter'd vaſe returns a groan.
And while like Helen ſhe withdraws,
To view the miſchief of her claws,
The ſhiv'ring Parſons meagre ſhape
Reſembles a conſumptive Ape.
Yet now and then her cruel rigour
Inſpir'd his arm with ſtrength and vigour.
Then cleping her with rude embrace,
He pinn'd her arms, or ſlap'd her face:
And flying thro' a poſtern door,
Left her to fight it with the floor.
" Fire, murder, Thieves, ſhe 'gins to cry,
" And will you leave your wife to die?

" Go, cruel, go"—then down ſhe ſinks,
Sighs, ſcreams, and faints; revives, and drinks:
Poor Jerry of his warmth repents,
She weeps, *kind angel*, and relents.
Within this peaceful couples roof,
Arachne ſpread her quiet woof,
Nor fear'd the careleſs wenches broom,
That ſeldom ſwept an upper room.
No ſilken couch, or cabriol chair,
No nodding Mandarines were there.
Nor painted baubles cut in glaſs,
For antique vaſes wiſh'd to paſs,
Coarſe linen hid their crazy table
A ſurloin to ſupport ſcarce able:
The tott'ring chairs of diverſe hue,
Where faded crimſon ſtrove with blue,
Inadequate to Madams ſize,
Did ill for portly folk ſuffice.
Four tawdry prints in rueful plight
Hung round a room, that once was white:
Autumn in flaunting yellow dreſt,
And Spring in looſely-floating veſt,

Summer, with huge bouquet of ears,
And Winter in her muff appears.
What tho' no curious plates were ſeen,
No Dreſden, Delve, or ſpruce Nanquin,
Nor Worceſter jugs, bedropt with gold,
Diſplay'd a green, or azure fold;
Yet, one vaſt teſſellated Bowl,
Where Punch might ſtream without controul,
One only Bowl, right precious ware,
Pride of the Prieſt, and Madam's care,
The cloſet grac'd. Here China drew
Her flowery wreaths of richeſt hue;
Here trees in meads of ſilver blow'd,
Here ſtreams were ſeen, that never flow'd.
The ground was clear—the pattern, ſweet!
To view the beauty, what a treat!
Capacious was its gorgeous ſide:
As bucket deep, as ciſtern, wide:
Such was the Bowl, which great Alcides,
Fill'd with ambroſial ſack on high days,
When ſwigging floods of generous nectar,
He reel'd and ſwagger'd, like an Hector.

Whether

Whether of old thou lov'd to grace
The midnight orgies of a Race:
Or when his worſhipful the May'r
Enthron'd in corporation chair,
Sat wafting clouds of od'rous ſmoke,
Toaſted his wench, or crack'd his joke
High tow'ring in majeſtic pride
You fill'd the board from ſide to ſide:
Hail, mighty Punch-bowl, friendſhip's hoſt,
The beggar's wealth; the braggart's boaſt.
Hail, ſource of humour, mirth, and whim,
Where bluſhing Bacchus loves to ſwim,
Or ſailing on a purple tide
Of bleeding grapes, triumphant ride!
See as thy warm libations riſe,
Love kindles in the laughing eyes.
The circling glaſs blith ſong inſpires,
Wit's ſportive ſhaft, and random fires.
The candles dance, the cieling ſwims,
Heads nod, tongues liſp, and down drop limbs,
Till ſpent, not ſated with the pleaſure,
Their length the ſons of frolic meaſure

Prone

Prone in the duſt, and grovling lie
Like drunken hogs, in Circes ſty.
The Prieſt was maſter of this Bowl,
And lov'd a bumper to his ſoul,
But taxes making brandy dear,
He ſeldom tippl'd more than beer.
Like Tantalus, with watry lip
He wiſh't and wiſht, yet could not ſip.
Safe on the ſhelf from day to day
This beauteous vaſe of temper'd clay,
Inactive, and diſhonour'd, lay.
And high above Grimalkin's pow'r,
Sometimes held ſtarch, and ſometimes flour.
If chance a chriſt'ning dinner came,
And Tom or Jack received a name;
Or oft as roſe that golden ſun,
Which made this happy couple one,
Down came the bowl—and at a jerk,
Out flew in haſte the hiſſing cork,
The limes were ſquees'd, the julep made,
Madam was kiſt, and ſir repaid.

Goodhumour was their gueſt that night,
But took his leave eer morning light.
—Thou, who art wont to ſnuff the air,
Of Broad St. Giles's, here repair!
Or take at Billinſgate thy ſtand,
Come with coarſe language at command,
Bring grins that reach from ear to ear,
Sarcaſtic wit, inſpir'd by beer,
Bring vulgar ſatire in thy train,
Gibes, jeers, and nicknames giving pain,
Come muſe, and to my tale give reliſh;
Each blackguard ſcene I paint, embelliſh:
For here if your protection fail,
Loſt is the marrow of my tale!
—As chance at noon for ſake of air,
The Prieſt was lounging in his chair,
To kill two monſters, Time and Care:
And out of window peeping ſat,
A country friend ſtrol'd in to chat.
An honeſt curate was the ſame,
Unknown to *Biſhops*, and to Fame:

His

His purſe was low, his figure thin;
Who can think poverty a ſin?
He gave his bleſſing to the poor,
The ſick found refuge at his door.
And ſomewhat like a vein of wit,
For pariſh meetings made him fit.
They met, ſhook hands, and jok'd together,
Complain'd of tax and heat of weather.
" Put down your hat, exclaims our hoſt,
" And take a bumper—what's your toaſt?
" Come, come, your walk has made you dry,
" How like you Madams gooſberry?
" Quoth Spavin (for the wayward muſe,
" Her names ad libitum may chuſe,)
" Since we are met a boon I claim,—
" Tut, man, what's that? I prithee name.
" A promiſe, Tom, of ancient date,
" You know the proverb, *better late*,—
" True to your phraſes, honeſt Spavin,
" Tell me what liquor I ſhall have in?"
" Punch then,"—'Ay, boy, with all my ſoul,—
" Made in your favorite *china Bowl*,"

" Done, cries the Prieſt, haſte, Molly water,
" The lemons quick, and rum I bought here!
So ſaid he opes the cupboard door,
The bowl was gone, the Parſon ſwore:
And ſnatching up his wig from table,
Donn'd it as faſt as he was able;
Then darted furious to the kitchen
Raiſing a clamorous outcry, which in
We leave awhile this wight of mettle,
To find his bowl, and boil his kettle.
But whence this uproar in the houſe;
And Madam quiet as a mouſe?
Have patience, Critics, ye ſhall hear,
Time and event make all things clear.
—Behind the houſe a Garden ſtood;
Well drench't each winter by a flood.
But when the ſummer months aroſe,
Cabbage it held, and ſometimes cloaths.
Convenient nook! where uſe ſupply'd
A dearth of ornamental pride;
And where in lieu of gay jonquils
Lace hung to dry, and yellow frills.

Here then with all her apparatus,
Pegs, lines, ſoap, rincing troughs, in great fuſs
Was Madam waſhing: Loves and Graces
Play'd round the tub, and made wry faces:
She larded to the elbows ſtood
In the white ſurge, and milky flood
Of foaming ſuds—a ſhallow bonnet,
With not an inch of riband on it,
Half tottering on her caxon ſtood:
Looſe hung her ſtays; her cloaks old hood
Nor black, nor white, but ruſty grey,
Was pinn'd behind, tout degagee.
Acroſs her graceful hips ſhe threw
A coarſe check't apron, Kerſey blue.
Thro' fingers red as bluſhing roſe,
The milk-white linen comes and goes,
She ſqueeſing toils; the water flows.
From triple line of hair depending
Chemiſes hung, that wanted mending;
Patch'd petticoats, part white, part blue,
Sheets, clouts, and hoſe, a motley crew,
In rags and tatters dangling flew,

The ſport of every ſaucy gale:
She, buſy houſewife, ply'd with ale,
Still rubs, and ſings, her linen viewing,
Reckleſs, what bloody ſtorms are brewing!
Ah Goody, what provoking Dæmon
Put you that luckleſs day a ſcheme on,
A ſcheme, which now a bitterer pill is,
Then erſt the wrath of fierce Achilles?
That Bowl of Bowls, that Bowl of beauty,
Unfit for harſh laborious duty,
Torn from the cupboards friendly nook,
With ſavage gripe you rudely took:
Thro' vulgar wretches no one knew,
Dirty clay pots of nut brown hue,
Jugs, ſaucepans, kilderkins of braſs,
You made the lovely victim paſs,
And to complete the ſad diſgrace,
With ſlabby Starch full cramm'd its vaſe.
A broken ſpoon of Tunbridge ware,
Which ſtirr'd their porridge, morning fare,
Up to the hilt in ſtiff ſtarch ſtood,
Full glutted with the ſlimy food.

And by its ſide a Candles piece
Half waſted lay, whoſe ſweating greaſe
Might lubricate with ſlippery juice,
The clinging lumps, too ſtiff for uſe.
Was it for this from Chinas ſhore
Some ſmuggling Captain brought thee o'er,
That thou, fair Bowl, with figur'd coat on,
Whom purblind Amateurs might doat on,
Worthy a *Portlands* room to grace;
Or mid fat Pagods have a place;
A ſmutty kitchins fire beſide,
To culinary uſe applied,
Should thus by gothic hands be left,
With all thy charms, inviting theft?
—Turn, wayward Muſe, and keep the farce on,
Turn, and review the fuming Parſon!
He por'd behind, he ſearch'd before;
Each draw and cupboard rummag'd o'er.
With dirty napkins clean confounded,
And rav'd, like man without a ſound head.
At length he ſtumbl'd on the place,
Where lay the Bowl—a long drawn face,

And laugh hyſterical betray
The workings of his mind. O ſay
Ye Hogarths, Bunburys, who play
With limbs and features, as ye liſt,
Contract, dilate, disfigure, twiſt,
Did ever droller Gig engage
The laughter of a playful age?
Did ever ridicule expreſs
In uncouth form, and ſhackiſh dreſs,
A character of happier turn?
In his lank bearded viſage burn
Shame, fear, and rage, with wild ſurpriſe,
And petrify his goggling eyes.
His tunic, once of gloſſy black,
Grown green, ſcarce hung upon his back;
His dingy wig ſat much awry,
Torn breeches cloth'd his long lank thigh:
With here and there a button left,
Sad relics of the mouſes theft.
But when on nearer view he found
His Bowl tho' dirty, ſafe and ſound,

He ſmil'd—for what could frowns avail?
His wife was near—he dare not rail—
And winking arch, as quick as thought,
An earthen jug, on tiptoe brought,
There threw in Starch, which turning ſlopt
With lumpiſh ſound, as ſouce it dropt.
Then rincing clean each clammy ſide,
He hugs his Punch Bowl, like a bride.
Again its gorgeous purple gleams,
Bright ſhine again its golden ſeams,
Its amaranthine flow'rets bloom,
Unconſcious of impending doom.
—Quick ſhift the ſcene, and view this pair,
Blithe, jocund, eaſy, debonnair.
The Parſons pleaſure ſeems inſur'd,
And Spavin's punch at laſt ſecur'd.
With joy they ſee the water boil,
And Rum produc'd more ſmooth than oil.
The chaplain of a gallant ſhip, who
For many a Mate makes Punch and ſlip too,
In evening draught, or morning whetter,
Grogg, Bub, or Purl, ſucceeds not better.

And in few words its praiſe to ſum,
'Twas *Cut-throat Supernaculum*.
Once more the Bowl ſurveys with pride,
Her tributary ſparkling tide,
And tow'ring with majeſtic mien,
Aſſerts her claim, Imperial Queen.
From her rich ſtreams of nectar flow,
Ambroſial cups, that baniſh woe.
Her chalice dulcet opium ſheds,
O'er ſleepleſs eyes, and debtors heads.
Not purer is Caſtalias ſpring,
Leſs redolent young Zephyr's wing,
An hundred pleaſures float around,
And Momus ſhouts, by Bacchus crown'd.
O could theſe fleeting joys remain,
Too bleſt were Man, devoid of pain!
How will the pitying Spavin moan
To ſee thy faded beauty gone!
How will the Prieſt in anguiſh weep,
Some few ſad relicks doom'd to keep
Ill fat'd Bowl of Thee. Alas,
That china ſhould be frail as glaſs!

That

That grace or beauty cannot ſave
A lovely victim from the grave!
Ye Muſes, where this vaſe is laid,
Strew purple flow'rs, that never fade;
Let ſilver lilies graceful bloom,
And bluſhing roſes ſhed perfume!
Can'ſt thou but inſtant fate remove,
Thou art a Punch-Bowl, worthy Jove.
—But mark the ſequel, while they ſat,
With pipe in hand indulging chat,
Juſt as the Prieſt, a jovial hoſt,
Drank Alma Mater for his toaſt,
And prais'd the joys of College life,
Unſadd'led with a breeding Wife,
While Ally Croaker trembling hung
A good old ſong, on Spavin's tongue:
In from the garden half beſotted,
To ſtarch her linen, Madam trotted.
The Bowl was gone—her fury roſe,
Down dropt at once the reeking cloths.
" And Nanny, Betty, what's your name?
" Come hither, wench," the damſel came—

" And who the devil hence has took,
" The bowl I left? you Nan, or Cook?
" Nay gape not fool—but tell who paſt here?
" Lud Ma'm! you fright one ſo—why Maſter.
" Maſter indeed—I'll teach the fellow"—
And in ſhe flew with hideous bellow.
Her head of hair with briſtly ſwell
Erected ſtood—her bonnet fell.
What angry Monkey's back mounts higher?
What fierce Grimalkins eye ſhoots fire
In direr mood? ſhe could not ſpeak,
But ſputtering ſomething like a ſqueak,
Curſes in treble pipe ſhe vented,
And belch'd out oaths, with brandy ſcented.
So from the poets fabled Hell
Alecto roſe with hideous yell,
The hiſſing ſnakes on carnage fed
Curl, as ſhe mounts, around her head.
Her baneful influence ſpreads around,
Darkens the ſky, and blaſts the ground.
At laſt with arms a Kimbo ſtrutting,
Her oar the raving Prieſteſs put in,

And bellow'd loud in words that ſound ill,
" Heighday, you ſneaking, ſniveling, Scoundrel,
" How dare you ſteal, my Bowl away?—
" Prithee be patient, Deareſt, nay
" You muſt not now, rejoins the Prieſt
" In fright tremendous, ſpoil our jeſt
" And frolick, Love—have done for ſhame,"
Too late the fond remonſtrance came:
" Fellow, your revels I'll confound"
She cries, and furious on the ground
The Punch-bowl daſh'd; with doleful ſound
It fell: no guardian ſylph was there,
To buoy it up in ambient air,
Nor can tranſlated Bowls, like hair,
Shine in the Galaxy with fine rays,
'Midſt Berenices, and Belindas.
No Fay transfigur'd to a flea,
With ſmarting gripe bit Madam's knee;
What Gnome or Elf, where ſuch a pair is,
Dance on the hearth, or guard the Lares?
On a white naked ſhabby floor,
Where nails upbolted by the ſcore

Thro' gaping joices, Mangl'd lay
In tatter'd ſhreds of broken clay,
What once was curious, perfect, fair,
Pride of gay Chinas porcelain ware:
How chang'd from That, which mirth inſpir'd,
For ever circling, yet untired!
The hollow walls of plaſtered ſtone,
Utter a ſympathiſing groan.
The children cry, dogs yelp, maids ſcream:
Adown the floor in pattering ſtream
The punch faſt drips: with grim delight
The furious Dame enjoy's the fight.
Coloſſus wife, beſtrides the ruin,
And grinds her teeth, like angry Bruin.
—As ſtruck by Jove's tremendous bolt,
The knotty oak receives a polt,
And rifted lies; with fear oppreſt
So dropt to earth the nervous Prieſt.
And blaſted by a tongue of thunder,
Lay ſprawling, with his legs aſunder.
His trembling frame convulſions ſhook,
What Maniac darts a wilder look?

He raves, he groans, and on his brow
Sits death like horror, mix't with woe:
Who could refuſe a pitying tear,
At ſight like this? with torpid fear,
And wonder harrow'd, ſtood the Dame.
Contrition, fright, affection, ſhame,
Alternate in her boſom roſe:
She doffs his ſtock, ſhe tweaks his noſe,
Burns feathers, paper, wax, what not?
Drops all the hartſhorn ſhe had got;
Lays on her breaſt his trembling pate,
And whimpering owns her fault too late.
In a dark corner, white as ſheet,
With quivering lips, and tott'ring feet,
Poor Spavin ſtood, lamenting ſore,
His proſtrate friend, the Punch-bowl more:
For why? the Prieſt might ſtrait recover,
But for his Bowl, all hopes were over.
" Return, my love, awake my life,
" Return and bleſs your faithful wife,"
Cries blubb'ring Madam: He, poor man,
Like drooping lily, pale and wan,

Lies torpid in oblivions trance:
Fantaſtic ſhapes before him dance.
Punch-bowls ſtill ſeem to ſwim in ſight,
Still flit in airy viſion bright,
And mock his hopes with dreams of joy,
Which waking horror ſhall deſtroy.
What muſt be done? a nap in bed
May reſt his limbs, and eaſe his head.
Forthwith they drag him ſtair by ſtair,
His head, O Spavin, was thy care:
Nor abſent from the mournful room,
Were nymphs of ſcullery and broom.
Nan warm'd the bed with pious care,
And Betty took his cap to air.
While for ſocieties dear ſake
(Who knows but he may lie awake?)
In Madam got—a little ſoon—
But bed is bed, at night or noon.
Such kindneſs, could not fail to pleaſe:
With ſmiling look, and heart at eaſe,
The Prieſt grew blithe—of this and that
With fluency began to chat.

Thank'd

Thank'd his dear Molly for her care,
And ſimp'ring aſk'd how ſhe came there.
At length he ſaid, " methinks, my dear,
" Punch I could drink, if Punch were here.
" *For ſorrow is exceeding dry*
" The proverb ſays—and ſo am I.
" And is friend Spavin yet below?
" Lets have him up—it ſhall be ſo—
" The water ſings, the rum ſtands ready,
" Here we may drink, and yet in bed lie."
Forthwith the honeſt Man attends,
Right glad to ſee this couple friends,
Strives their injunctions to obey,
And brews ſome Punch in Bowl of clay,
Poor repreſentative of one,
For ever mourn'd, for ever gone!
Now ſee this Trio jig by jowl,
Each ſwigging deep the circling bowl.
The Prieſt, as lean as Manchas knight,
And his plump Wife in goodly plight,
Half ſunk in bed, half upright ſat:
Like Indians, on their haunches, ſquat.

Beſide, in chair of coarſe Moreen,
Made, when the ſtrapping Beſs was Queen,
Sat Spavin ſnug: ſweet odours roſe
From reeking ſheets, and greaſy cloths,
Sweet, as the ſoft ambroſial gale,
Which onions breathe, or leeks exhale.
Yet ſpight of drinking, ſpite of jeſt,
A ſigh or two eſcap'd the Prieſt.
Nor could he, like Macduff, forbear
Sometimes rememb'ring *ſuch things were.*
And caſting round a wiſhful look,
Oft as a ſup of punch he took,
" My Dear, in tender penſive ſtrain,
Which ſpoke at once his love and pain,
" Your health, he cries, with all my ſoul,—
" *You ſhould not tho' have broke the Bowl.*"
Still as the Subſtitute went round,
He ſtrove to ſmile, and ſtill the ſound,
" *You ſhould not tho' have broke the Bowl,*"
No mirth could hide, no art controle.

Here ends my Tale, let thoſe who need,
This moral draw from what they read.
If Hymen yoke a pair unequal,
Domeſtic war muſt be the ſequel.
As well may oils with acids ſettle,
As placid Man, and Dame of mettle.
No matter what the ſubject be,
A bowl, a glaſs, a diſh of tea,
A fly, a ſtraw, will breed diſpute:
Squabbling is matrimonial fruit.
E'er ſince the days of Grandam Eve,
Woman aſſerts Prerogative:
Huſbands exert your utmoſt ſkill,
Or every Wife will have her will.

Here ends my Tale, let those who read,
This moral draw from what they read.
If Hymen yoke a pair unequal,
Domestic war must be the sequel.
As well may oils with acids kittle,
As placid Man, and Dame of mettle.
No matter what the subject be,
A bowl, a glass, a dish of tea,
A fly, a straw, will breed dispute:
Squabbling is matrimonial fruit.
Ever since the days of Grandam Eve,
Woman affects Prerogative:
Husbands exert your utmost skill,

ON

Old Ladies fond of Dreſs.

I.

CAN wrinkl'd furrows dug by age,
Falſe hair, or eye of glaſs, engage,
The ſmiles of youthful beaux?
Can Iv'ry teeth, at ſixty-one,
Tho' bought of March, be deem'd thy own,
Diſplay'd in lucid rows?

II.

Can patches, paint, Olympian dew,
Or all that Sanguines art can do,
The glow of youth reſtore?
Such glaring particolour'd ſtreaks,
As daub old Chloes ſtucco cheeks,
Diſfigure her the more.

III.

Pinch't is her frame in ſteel ribb'd boddice,
That frame that ſo awry and odd is:
No crutches to befriend her:
Where nature once a rump deſign'd,
Two hills of cork project behind,
To make her waiſt look ſlender.

IV.

Like ſome Dutch daubers vile deſign,
Where frightful tints deface the line
Of beauty and of taſte:
So from a ruff of pucker'd gauze,
And jutting coats full cramm'd with ſtraws,
Out peeps a face of paſte.

V.

When fluſh't with wine, ſhe talks of love:
Thro' bloodleſs veins will Cupid rove,
And light up amorous fire?
No: he will baſk in Cœlias eye,
Or neſtling in her boſom lie,
And cheriſh young deſire.

VI.

Nor India's ſilk, nor Bruſſel's lace,
Can make the ſeaſons backward pace;
Nor roſe, nor violet powder
Can tinge her cheek with beauties hue,
Can give her eyes that melting blue,
Which made admirers croud her.

VII.

The wanton ſmile, the ſwimming air,
The graceful nod, the flowing hair,
That once became thoſe eyes,
In vain at ſixty to maintain
She ſtrives, too evident the pain,
Too thin the weak diſguiſe.

VIII.

Not ſuch the attributes of age,
That ſhould our reverence engage,
The pride of ſilver hair;
Meek Patience, much enduring Grief,
And Faith, that ſeeks from God relief,
By penitence, and pray'r.

COMPARISON

OF THE

Antient with the Modern Jupiters.

I.

To gain the pretty Leda's love,
Enter in maſquerade Sir Jove:
His character, a Swan—
He curves his neck, he prunes his wing,
Makes an attempt or two to ſing,
Part bird, and partly man.

II.

Next to decamp with fair Europa,
Our amorous ſparks deſign and ſcope lay
With neck more white than ſnow,
With horn of gold, and eye of fire,
A Bull becomes the damſels ſquire,
And woos her in a low.

III.

Antiope a Satire made
The thund'ring Olympian blade.
When gold in Danaes lap
By pecks came ſhow'ring from the air,
Who would have dreamt a God was there,
A lover in the trap?

IV.

"Hie Preſto, fly there" and behold
A Dragon ſcal'd with drops of gold
Conceal'd the Skies impoſtor,
Proudly he rears his gorgeous creſt,
His gleaming ſides, and dappl'd cheſt,
The fond Olympia coſt dear.

V.

Such wiles had Jove, a wenching dog,
Who viſited his girls incog:
Tho' now in Cœlias chamber
Too clumſy for our modern Miſſes,
To fondle, ſtroke, and load with kiſſes,
Nor ſwans, nor bullocks clamber;

VI.

Yet Beaux as lilly white as milk,
With feather'd heads, and hoſe of ſilk,
Curvet in minuet motion:
And fellows, dreſt in flower'd ſuits,
Than bulls, and ſatires, greater brutes,
With ladies croſs the ocean.

VII.

Fierce dragons haunt St. James's ſtreet,
With rapiers dangling to their feet,
And ſhoulder knots of gold,
What hackney'd nymph, or flaunting dame,
When ſerpent like, her Major came,
Her perſon could withhold?

VIII.

A Danaes bribe will never fail:
What tower of braſs, or coat of mail,
Can cope with gilded arms?
If cities, countries, kingdoms yield,
How ſhall a maiden keep the field;
Nor pawn her vernal charms?

IX.

Whether in ſettlement it comes,
Or blazing mid the pomp of drums,
Makes blind the urchin love:
Gold's ſubtle eſſence nimbly glides,
Dives to the heart, and there preſides
Another conquering Jove.

X.

Why then is fable out of uſe,
When Ledas ev'ry town produce,
And monſters bred of vice?
No weak Chimeras of the brain,
Or Gorgons bred in fictions ſtrain,
But villains, maſqu'd like *Price?**

* A great forger known by the title of Count Patch.

Epitaph

Epitaph ſent to BOB FOSTER, *the flying Barber, at Cambridge; with a recommendation to have it engraved on his Tomb at his Deceaſe: Since which time the Univerſity has made him a more laſting and characteriſtical preſent, of a Silver Baſon.*

CUT ſmooth by Death's tremendous razor,
Lies dapper Bob, eccentrick Shaver.
So warm his ſuds, his blade ſo keen,
Its gliding edge, was ſcarcely ſeen.
One ſtroke or two, and from your Cheek,
He'd take the harveſt of a week:
Kind earth, lie gently on his head—
For light his hand, and ſwift his tread.

Deſcription of a *Pretty Man.*

IN THE MANNER OF MARTIAL.

GALLANTS delineate if ye can,
What conſtitutes the *pretty Man.*
Is he not one, whoſe feather'd hair
Shrinks from each guſt of ambient air,
Who damns the odious hat, which preſſes
His triple row of well curl'd treſſes?
Whoſe dreſs ſo ſmooth, ſo nice is kept,
As from a band-box he had ſtept;
Whoſe ruffle pucker'd cloſe and taper
Shews white as ſnow, and ſtiff as paper?
Who ſcatters fragrance, as he goes,
Of Eau-de-Luce, or Fleur-de-Roſe?
Who by coſmetics once a week
Sows virgin lillies in his cheek;

Who of *the* Veſtris learnt a ſtep,
Smiles, winks, and toaſts a demirep.
Takes ſnuff—to ſhew a brilliant ring,
And hums—to tell you how he can ſing.
The tender flame which love inſpires,
Warm generous tranſports, ſoft deſires,
The lively ſtamp of friendſhips ſeal,
How can his vacant boſom feel?
The happy fool ſtands ſelf approved,
And is, Narciſſus like, beloved.
Some mighty nothing he purſues,
Picks up French phraſes, ſkims the news:
Writes to himſelf a billet doux,
Subſcribed, "*Your Chloe ever true!*"
His morning taſk, and conſtant trade is,
To haſh up ſmall talk for the Ladies;
He hunts down ſcandal, as ſhe flies,
Grins, chatters, ogles, whiſpers, lies.
Prates of Sir Harry, and his Grace,
Can tell at once right Mecklin lace;
Of muſlins knows the price in town
From one pound one to half-a-crown.

Half belle, half beau, what name can ſuit
This ſkipping, antic, motley Brute?
He'll tear your gloves, he'll ſnap your fan,
Doats on old China, buys japan;
And is not this a *pretty Man?*

11:7:49

F I N I S.